

## History of SFAI EYE

SFAI's Student Newspaper Sees the Light Again  
Cera Deibel

Thirty-six years later, we're wiping the dust from *The Eye*, SFAI's longest-running student run school newspaper.

*SFA EYE* was founded by former editor Rance Haig alongside a small group of students in March of 1973. At the time, it acted as a forum for students and faculty to submit writing, art, and any grievances that caught their eye. It gave a voice to the community, a space to exhibit work, and a place to draw attention to the goings-on at the Institute and in the art world. At its height, *SFA EYE* was the primary outlet for demands to oust then-president Arnold Herstand, who ultimately resigned in January 1976, after only two years at his post, due to the pressure brought on from the student body through the newspaper. From then until April 1980, it covered a variety of issues and artists, until the publication ceased after the tenure of student editor Kai Klaassen.

"To reach back into the past, bring something to life that you really care about, that was a thrill. Someone threw it onto my lap, but I was going to take it and run with it" said Klaassen of her time as editor in the Spring of 1980.

This paper you hold in your hands, along with this institution, has such a vast and rich history. The history that our community comes from, along with the history we are making now, deserves to be represented in more concrete forms beyond that of our walls. So, we brought *The Eye* back to give the students of the present (and the future) somewhere to showcase what they feel deserves to be seen, heard, and discussed. Give us your ear, we'll give you *The Eye*. ♦

## Letter From the Editor

### Words Cannot Express, But I'll Do My Best

Dear reader,

Thank you for joining us, and welcome (back) to the *SFA EYE*.

It is with utmost gratitude and solemnity that I take up the mantle of Editor-in-Chief of *The Eye*.

It is my hope that you find this enlightening, as a service to the community now, and a historical document later. It is entirely humbling to exist in a tangible vein of history.

Thirty-six years ago, *The Eye* was a forum for the student voice, and I hope that, with your help and input, *The Eye* can be that forum for this generation of students and artists as well. I strongly encourage you, as a member of this institution in any capacity, to involve yourself. I will do my best to make your voice heard. No voice can be too small, only the text we print it in.

While this position largely fell into my lap, and it took an incredible amount of willpower, persistence, and a little luck in order to get the ball rolling on this project, you are now holding the physical outcome. I couldn't have realized the vision without the great efforts of an insurmountably dedicated staff, to whom I owe my sincerest gratitude.

As humans, we constantly make and morph history without an awareness of it in the moment. This is especially true of the artist, and art movements, that create and are created in reactionary and instinctual processes, only to be defined and canonized retroactively. In assuming my role as the new head honcho of *The Eye*, I am acutely aware of my hand in the history of not only the paper itself, but the Institute as a whole. And that's something I don't want to be solely responsible for.

I would like to cordially invite you to make history with me.

Max Blue, Editor-in-Chief

## Three Candidates, No Winners

Opinions on the Presidential Search  
Cera Deibel

The presidential search has been ongoing for the past year, and this September we welcomed onto our campus the three candidates who are poised to become SFAI's next president - Fred Fehlau, Gordon Knox, and Aaron Betsky. The committee has worked incredibly hard the past year finding and vetting the most qualified candidate, undergoing three phases of the search: determining the job description, seeking candidates, and then interviewing the candidates and their references. However, the process has seemed secretive and dubious at best and updates on the search were few and far between. While input was encouraged from both students and faculty, it has been difficult to actually get the community involved - especially when many students currently on campus weren't even aware that SFAI has been searching for a new president. It has taken months for these presentations to happen after being postponed, and the secrecy around the candidates' identities before the announcement made the search feel more like backdoor dealings. Despite attempts to allow for more of the SFAI community's involvement, when the presentations finally arrived, the lecture hall was still more than half empty and the audience consisted mainly of board members and staff. The search committee failed to utilize many of the resources at its disposal to garner more involvement in the process and attendance at the presentations, particularly with students - at most, there were only five students who actively went to even one of the presentations. While some of the secrecy around the search is understandable, particularly that the names of the candidates could not be released too early for fear of revealing the candidates' potential departure from their current positions, some degree of transparency with our own community could have certainly gone a long way in easing some of our concerns following the previous presidency.

The presentations themselves were organized by the search committee and were public, hour-long talks in the lecture hall to allow the candidates to introduce themselves to the SFAI community and pitch why they are capable of handling the job of president. They were prompted with the question: "What do you think the role of SFAI should be in the future, and what personal and professional experiences will you draw from to bring that role to life?"

The first candidate to present, Fred Fehlau, was by far the best organized and made a clear case for his ability to run our school. Fehlau, the only candidate with academic experience in the fine art field, described his roles as an artist and art educator from Art Center College of Design in Pasadena and provided well-considered answers to the prompt question posed by the search committee. His dedication to fine art and experience as a working artist himself gives him an understanding of the student body that neither of the other candidates possessed. His extensive background in art education at Art Center and NASAD gives him invaluable insight into the workings of arts institutions in the current educational climate and how to foster their growth. However, Fehlau lacks the connections and fundraising abilities that his fellow candidates demonstrated. While his 40 years at Art Center show a commitment to the community in which he works, the concern is whether he could bring that same commitment to SFAI. When I asked what his intentions were in moving from Art Center to SFAI, he provided a rambling non-answer about why he's "different" from those in his community. One has to wonder what his 40-year tenure at Art Center means for his potential future at SFAI.

Gordon Knox, the second candidate, is currently the director at the Arizona State University Art Museum and comes from experience leading multiple successful artist residencies. When Knox began his presentation, he gave a 20-minute lecture on SFAI's history ... (*Continued On Overleaf*)

## Trusting the Trustees

How the Students Lost Their Vote  
Alex Lilburn

On May 24 2012, the SFAI Board of Trustees moved to restructure student involvement in the school's legislative process. The motion, which passed by a nine-to-three vote, stripped the by-laws of what is known as Section 3.0303, which reads:

*"Two (2) Trustees shall be elected by the Board from candidates proposed by the Student Union and nominated by the Committee on Trustees, one to represent undergraduates and one to represent graduate students."*

Section 3.0303 was replaced with Article XI: Student Representation, which is comprised of Sections 11.01 and 11.02. These sections state:

*"One (1) [undergraduate/graduate] student Representative shall be appointed by the Committee on Trustees from candidates proposed by the [Student Union/Legion of Graduate Students (LOGS)] to represent that student body at meetings of the Board of Trustees."*

The change seems minor, but the terminology used is vital. The stated reasoning for this change, given in the board minutes for the May 24 meeting, is that the restructuring is intended to "enhance student roles as liaisons between the board and the student body." On the contrary, "enhancing" student participation by completely gutting its power seems like a thinly-veiled attempt at eradicating student voices in the growth and direction of SFAI. One need only to review how the by-laws define "Trustee":

*"The 'Trustees' shall be the individuals selected to serve on the Board. They shall be the Directors of the Institute for purposes of the California Corporations Code."*

By rewording the way in which student roles are defined, the Board effectively denied students of a liberty provided to them as early as 1974 - the ability to vote. Student Trustees were privy to all official board meetings; critically, this permitted them voting rights on any motion made by a member of the board. Effectively, the Board ensures its own knowledge of student affairs, transmitted by presentations on student concerns given by our representatives, yet it forbids the student body to know its inner-workings. This change makes it abundantly clear that the Board (and the Institute itself) operates independently of student desire. Rather than "Directors of the Institute," we are now only bodies, floating through class and graduation while the school develops without the input of those who are its reason for existence.

It is unlikely that any of us were present here when this change was made, and it seems from the conversations I've had that hardly anybody noticed the amendment's passing. Moreover, the entire conversation is predicated on our passing. The reality is that we, as non-members of the board, no longer hold the power to introduce restorative legislation. We can only "represent" our concerns rather than act on them.

If the student body desires its democratic power restored, it should look toward 2014 and the wave of protests that spread among our upperclassmen. That year, the undergraduate representative, Ross McKinney, demanded on the students' behalf the reopening of Studios 9 & 10, the removal of the \$150 BFA Exhibition fee, and the reimplementation of the department chair system. Two of these demands have been met, and the third is undergoing a compromise that we will see this year. In our conversation, Ross confided that most Trustees had been kept in ... (*Continued On Back Page*)

(Continued from front page) ... could have easily been ripped straight from the Wikipedia page. It enlightened exactly no one in the room and he wasted time telling us information we already knew. He did not explain his background or qualifications until the end of the presentation - where he spent another 20 minutes name-dropping the artists that he had worked with, shared his anthropology background, and exoticised the "tribe" he lived with in Suriname when he was younger. Regarding SFAI, Knox spoke extensively about the struggles that our institution and the Bay Area art community are facing now, and the opportunities we have to grow. When he finally got around to answering the prompt question instead of bragging about his successes, the best laid plan he shared was to "listen" to faculty, staff, and students - he provided nothing more substantial to show he had ideas for solutions to the problems he had posed. He demonstrated little understanding of the school's artistic values or the skills required of our president, and spent almost no time discussing the needs of students beyond their relationship to the faculty. While the vast experience Knox has in building businesses and artist residencies and the connections he has to fundraising are important benefits he could bring to our institution, the ability to actually run this school remains to be seen.

The search committee left the worst for last in the form of Aaron Betsky. Betsky is the current dean of Frank Lloyd Wright School of Architecture at Taliesin West and former director of the Cincinnati Art Museum. I frankly cannot find any redeeming qualities in him as a candidate. He began by acknowledging his position coming from the world of architecture and design and referred to himself as an "alien." This was reassuring at the start, until it became evident that he would spend the entire hour speaking about architecture and design. After I asked what he would do as president of SFAI, and then, separately, about why he is leaving his current position, Betsky actually replied "I don't know" to both inquiries. He gave no answer to the prompt question posed by the search committee, hardly shared details about his experience in an actual educational role, and showed absolutely no relationship to, or understanding of, the fine art world - despite his explanation that he "knows" artists due to his marriage to one. He referred multiple times to the "rigorous weirdness" at SFAI - a phrase that was perhaps meant endearingly, but ultimately came off as insensitive and out-of-touch with our community - and called the artists he worked with while at the Cincinnati Art Museum "crazy." On top of this, Betsky has only held his position at Taliesin since January of 2015. This means that, after being at a financially-challenged and failing institution for only a year and nine months, he is attempting to leave. He is bailing out of a sinking ship to try to captain one that is already leaking on both ends. None of us can ignore the problems currently facing SFAI, and we certainly don't need to add to those problems by hiring a president with a clear tendency to leave when things get tough.

We can't expect to have a perfect presidential candidate - each has their own strengths and weaknesses, and it is now up to the Board of Trustees and the Search Committee to weigh those with what our school needs in a new president. I for one hope that in making the decision about who should lead our beloved Institution, they ask themselves the same question they asked of the candidates and consider very carefully how their decision will impact our future. ♦

**Signal : Noise**  
**Featuring Fellow SFAI Artists!**  
**October 7th @ 6pm**  
**The Convent / 660 Oak Street**

**Student Union**  
**Meets Wednesdays @ Noon**  
**In The MCR**

## A Body for A Body Makes the Whole Gallery Sparkle An Inside Look at Jill Magid's *The Proposal*

Ariella Robinson

While I worked as a gallery attendant at the opening of Jill Magid's *The Proposal*, showing through December 10th at the Walter and McBean Gakkeries, a woman approached me and asked, "How does a white girl from Connecticut end up with the ashes of a Mexican architect?"

It's a fair question, similar to what Magid has asked herself throughout the ongoing process of compressing the ashes of Luis Barragán into the diamond that now sits behind bulletproof glass in the Walter and McBean Gallery on the SFAI campus; "How does one insert themselves into the life of a dead man?"

For Magid, it's been an ongoing process, spanning the last three years of her career. A career that has been defined by an incessant penetration of illusionary authority; as seen in her 2002 piece *System Azure Security Ornamentation*. The performance began with Magid asking the heads of the police department in Amsterdam if she could adorn the ubiquitous surveillance cameras that dressed the city's walls with rhinestones. They turned her down immediately, claiming to not work with artists. She returned a few weeks later, this time as the Head Security Ornamentation Professional at System Azure, an entirely fictitious enterprise. This time, the police department not only allowed her to decorate the cameras, they funded it.

Her interest the particular set of power relations regarding Barragán began with a trip to her Mexico-based gallerist in Mexico City, coincidentally situated across the street from the late Barragán's home-turned UNESCO World Heritage site. The artist's visit to the architectural gem turned into a deep rooted fascination in the bureaucratically fortified telenovela that followed Barragán's death in 1988.

Barragán divided his assets two ways; his personal possessions went to Ignacio Díaz Morales, who quickly formed the foundation that now runs the museum Casa Luis Barragán. The other half of his estate - his professional archive consisting of all his drawings and documentation of his work - were willed to his close friend and business partner Raul Ferrera. Five years later, bereft of any Mexican institution willing to accept his asking price of over \$1 million for the archive, Ferrera hung himself and left his wife with the burden of finding a buyer. Still without any prospects, Ferrera's widow sold the archive to a New York City art dealer, Max Protetch. Around the same time, an architectural historian, Frederica Zanco, and her boyfriend, Rolf Fehlbaum, head of Swiss furniture conglomerate Vitra, visited Casa Barragán. For \$3 million, Fehlbaum purchased Barragán's entire archive for Zanco, supposedly as an engagement gift. The archive was shipped to Basel, and has remained there since. Despite countless requests by curators, researchers, artists, and historians, Zanco refuses to open the archive to the public, going so far as to create the Barragan Foundation (omitting the accent) which, according to the website, holds the "complete rights to the name and œuvre of Luis Barragán, and to all photographs by Armando Salas Portugal related to the œuvre of Luis Barragán." The reasoning behind Zanco's smothering love for the archive remains unclear.

After learning the saga, Magid contacted Zanco, requesting access to the some of the archived materials for a show she was having in New York. Zanco refused, beginning a long correspondence with Magid. Facsimiles of their letters appeared in a series of exhibitions Magid produced around her flirtation with the boundary of Zanco's legal monopoly over Barragán. Throughout their correspondence, unbeknownst to Zanco, Magid had been in contact with the family of Luis Barragán. They collectively granted Magid access to his grave, in order to exhume a fourth of his ashes to send to a Swiss lab specializing in the compression of human remains into diamonds.

The impetus behind intervening in this long standing drama is the hope (held by many beyond Magid) for Zanco to open the archive to the public and return it to Mexico. However in an interview by Alice Gregory of the *New Yorker*, Magid claimed that while she agrees with the assertion that the archive should be returned, and hopes to do so in exchange

for the engagement ring created from Barragán's ashes, "If that's what my intentions were, I don't think I'd make art," she told Gregory. "I've always called the archive her lover. To marry one man, she negotiated owning another man, whom she's devoted her life to. It's a weird love triangle, and I'm the other woman."

It's this tantalizing history that gives the show substance. At face value, while the McBean truly did sparkle at the exhibition's opening on the evening of September 9th, the real intrigue exists in Magid's performance as a medium between Zanco and Barragán. She managed to insert herself between a dead man and the woman who literally holds the legal rights to his name with grace and persistence; manifesting a role for herself in a saga within which she had no place. However, when materialized into the gallery, the overarching narrative that held the show together was sparsely present, to the point of audible confusion among the attendees as to what (much less who) exactly the diamond was.

The centerpiece of the show was the marigold adorned tapete, a traditional *Día de los Muertos* floor sculpture made of flowers and dyed sawdust. It sat next to the video of grave diggers chiseling away at Barragán's tomb. While the diamond was a resurrection of sorts, the exhumation was a second death, and the tapete served in memoriam and celebration of both-- the ultimate poetic gesture. But standing alongside it as an attendant, pamphlets in hand, I heard patrons commenting confusedly on the "mandala". This condition, which plagues contemporary art, begs the question of context. To what extent should it be necessary to provide? Should it be the responsibility of the wall text, the attendant, the pamphlet they pass out, or the artist herself to bring the work alive? To what degree, if any, should our work speak for itself?

A visitor asked me if the show continued in the Diego Rivera gallery and I informed them that it was housing a student exhibition. A moment later, I realized that the majority of what stood in the McBean was also student work, as far as physical objects are concerned. Of course, outsourcing fabrication isn't uncommon for contemporary artists, and technical skill doesn't dictate value. However, process cannot be divorced from product, and the themes of transparency and authorship so pertinent in *The Proposal* aren't exemplified by the artist's peripheral role in the physical construction of space.

*The Proposal* falls short when we consider Magid's minimal participation in the production of the exhibition. Perhaps, inadvertently, her absence supports her practice as miner of institutional power in governmental, and now corporate, organizations. The conceptual artist is often thought to have more in common with "non-artistic" professions like espionage and journalism, often performing as such to intervene, and ultimately humanize the loci of bureaucratic structures. Much of Magid's work resides on the precarious boundary between system and society, often visualizing and traversing the gap between the two.

Ironically, the act of outsourcing fabrication of her exhibition mimics the same exploitation of civil and corporate minions used to subvert the facade of authority and legal power in the artist's other work, such as in *System Azure Security Ornamentation*. Its manifestation in a gallery space may not serve the concept as well as the context within which it resides. Undoubtedly, the narrative that Magid managed to perpetuate produced a rock hard concept. But it is not without its shortcomings. It's worth considering if the narrative should have been just that—a book, a performance, a film. ♦

## Peanut Butter Tuna Sandwiches and New Genres

Mads Lynerup  
 In Conversation with Reed Hex

*Reed | Before you were a professor here you were a student at SFAI. When you think about your experience studying New Genres here, what are the first things that jump out to you?*

*Mads | I became a New Genres major after I initially thought I was going to go into sculpture and then I by accident ended up in New Genres and really loved it. At my*

time, in the faculty the Doug Ha... rich histo... stories rev... the person... back after... of those fo... used to be... memories... was happen... New Gen... isolated fi... Denmark... could be... teacher, so... stuff like... that!" and... patterns I... through tr... same over... Working... your exp... Pete. Yes, won... the US ar... to me. In... the food i... seeing the... There wa... bagel with... top. Whil... hovering... this?" and... lot about... lot about... it. I reme... Petes was... and we ar... I was actu... was work... met Pete t... Denmark... a socialist... you know... joking bu... was always... you. Year... become n... kind of my... in the ca... say about... weird par... I have al... made to f... How c... studio pr... I made n... at the ca... with ever... you could... was so fas... is paper t... could wal... was amaz... Marin an... ball and b... At the ti... wasn't. I... and intera... was gone... so I didn... back and... he was d... was all ab... trajectory... The ca... many tal... which co... own equi...

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time, in the New Genres department, there was a lot of great faculty there like Tony Labat, Sharon Grace, Paul Kos, Doug Hall, etc; all these different personalities and that rich history is kind of what I think of most. A lot of my stories revolve around the history of that program and all the personalities there. When you talk to people that come back after a while they always see certain changes, and one of those for me was working in the café here on campus that used to be called Pete’s Café. I have some of my fondest memories there because it was kind of my second life that was happening simultaneously as my involvement with the New Genres department. Studio 9 and 10 could feel a little isolated from the school and when I first moved here from Denmark I spoke little to no English, so working in the café could be really hard. Pete was actually a former English teacher, so he would try to help me and was always saying stuff like “You say like too much! You gotta stop doing that!” and he would try and help me with these speech patterns I have to this day. This school is always moving through transition periods but it always ends up having the same overall feeling.

#### **Working in the café seems to have really anchored your experience here, especially your relationship with Pete.**

Yes, working in the café I got the skills to learn more about the US and what Americans eat which was so fascinating to me. In Denmark if you order something, nobody makes the food in front of you, but here people are so focused on seeing their food assembled which was really interesting. There was someone once who ordered a cinnamon raisin bagel with peanut butter and a scoop of tunafish salad on top. While I’m making this, I have the scooper of tuna hovering over the bagel and I’m like “You sure you want this?” and she is just like “Yes” so confidently. I learned a lot about American culture in the café and you can tell a lot about a person by that they order and how they order it. I remember I bought one of those diner hats once and Petes was like “Take that off, that’s stupid! We are a café and we are for the people, none of this corporation stuff”. I was actually hired while by this really sweet woman who was working alongside him while Pete had surgery. When I met Pete the morning he came back, I told him I was from Denmark and I remember him saying “Oh God are you a socialist? You people don’t know how to work, I hope you know how to work”. I didn’t know at the time he was joking but I do remember working really hard after that. He was always joking around with you but also trying to help you. Years later I brought my girlfriend (who would later become my wife) to introduce her to him because he was kind of my American dad. I had a lot of friends who worked in the café who thought of him that way, which I can also say about Tony Labat and Paul Kos. They become your weird parents in a way and I really love that camaraderie. I have always been impressed here about how I’ve been made to feel supported as an artist and as a person.

#### **How did your time at the café feed back into your studio practice in the New Genres department?**

I made my first performance piece based on my experience at the café actually. We would get this big Cisco truck filled with everything from pickles to plastic wrap and I realized you could order these thousand feet rolls of aluminum foil. I was so fascinated with tinfoil in the US because Danish foil is paper thin. Here it seemed so thick and sculptural, you could walk on it and capture your footprint which I thought was amazing. I paid Pete to order a roll for me and went to Marin and rolled it down this big hill, rolled it back up into a ball and brought it back to class with photo documentation. At the time I thought I was making sculpture but I really wasn’t. I was drawn to interacting with what was foreign and interacting with what was almost sculpture. Tony Labat was gone a few semesters on sabbatical when I was here so I didn’t really know him initially, but when he came back and I met up with him in the and was curious what he was doing. He urged me to be in his next class which was all about photos in performance and really changed by trajectory.

The café and other parts of the school back then had so many talented artists not only as faculty but also as staff, which continues today. Back then New Genres had their own equipment checkout where Martin Shmidt actually

worked, who is half of Matmos which is a group that does really interesting musical performance. Drew Daniel, the other half of Matmos, was also always around. They ended up collaborating with Björk so sometimes she would show up in studio 9 or 10 for dance parties late at night. She was married to Matthew Barney, so his tapes began circulating through the New Genres Department too. When you work with such interesting artists in all these pockets of the school you stay in touch. I still collaborate with people I met here all the time. ♦

### **Angels, Androids, and Otherness**

**Manny Robertson**

**In Conversation with Reed Hex**



**Reed | When did you first become interested in constructed mythology?**

**Manny** | I became aware of my interest in grad school, but even looking at my old work it is definitely there. When I was little I used to make up these weird stories that didn’t make much sense about this magical toaster. It had arms, legs, feathery eagle wings and a cord tail that humans could ride on. Not like the brave little toaster or anything, just this magical toaster. I’ve always made myths but only became aware of that once I looked at my work from far away.

**Most recently, you have been working with angels and androids. How did your focus on these two mythical archetypes come about?**

I’ve been working with robot metaphors since undergrad where my strongest piece was about cyborgs, but I moved onto androids because cyborgs were mainly functioning as metaphors for depression in my work and I wanted a break from that. I wanted to make holy androids and I started trying to piece together why I had that desire, which is sort of what grad school is all about. It gave me time to explore my fascination, especially considering my undergrad wasn’t very conceptual. I always felt like there was a connection between angels and androids so I started doing some research and found that in science fiction, the android is always the filler for people of color and queer people, with the more mystical one being the angel. The first androids could theoretically be homunculi (which are artificial humans) and there is a belief they were possessed by angels which powered them. The idea of androids possessed by angels comes up again if you watch Alien 3, where Winona Ryder is an android and plugs into a chapel to talk to God. She is both an angel and android. I really wanted to build off this and create these super divine robots.

**I know there is often a performative element to your work, whether it’s handing out android masks or manipulating the way a viewer moves through your spaces through the scale of your work.**

My work has always been performative because I’m turning people into androids. If you aren’t a “default human” you are people want me to do straight performance but I feel in a way that is too easy because I’m performing every single day. I have to perform in certain ways to prove my own validity, I have to switch how I perform depending on the biases of people around me.

**In your work you are a storyteller, but you also utilize your own image to depict your androids. Is there a significance to stepping into that double role as both mythmaker and the subjects of those myths?**

Definitely. In my undergrad, I really started playing around with self portraiture, and I had this one crit where this asshole told me I was incredibly vain for using my own image in my work. I didn’t realize it at the time but my work was dealing a lot with race and queerness, and straight white people really hate it when brown queer people like themselves. He told me my work was a “glorified selfie”, it wasn’t even a critique, it was just a statement. My response was like “wow I’m going to do this even more, I’m going to do this all the time, I’m going to make a 12 foot one”. I am my own audience and my audience is also people who are like me. Whether its depression or being mixed race or being non-white or queerness or not fitting into the category of boy or girl. I’m not going to co-op somebody else’s experience to speak to an audience I don’t relate to, so if I’m speaking through myself it makes sense to use my own image. It is a reflection of the filler. Although the androids are technically self portraits I also don’t think they are, because they aren’t about me but rather about people like me.

**When I look at those I don’t think “Manny painted their image”, the work is personal but not in a specific way that ties directly back to a singular body.**

Yeah, it’s almost a marker of my survival and my presence here. If nobody shows people that they got through things how are others supposed to know they can? It is a story but it is also me telling the story and it is also me as the story, but not the whole story.

**And science fiction seems to be the perfect vehicle for that story. To talk about race and gender and queerness through these figures people are so obsessed with, that have amassed huge fan bases. But there is still this distinct otherness there that is inseparable from that magic and that distance.**

Otherness is huge in science fiction, which is why so often it is a very white genre centered around the white man and even white women and that specific kind of femininity. Everybody else is still in science fiction but they are just coded as nonhumans because in society, if you aren’t a straight white male you are still coded as a nonhuman secondary to a default human. I mean, if you Google ‘human’ it’s just a white dude for pages. Today, sci-fi is trying to push towards including more people of color or even queer people, but it’s never the two and it’s always only certain depictions that are acceptable. I’m rereading the *Cyborg Manifesto* right now which I love even though I have a few problems with Donna [Haraway]. She has this great part where she says the boundaries between science fiction and social reality are an optical illusion, because in science fiction the stories are a reflection of our reality. People are coded as nonhuman because we still code people as nonhuman.

**I know the Cyborg Manifesto has been super influential in your work and your upcoming thesis. Are there some other works that you draw on for inspiration?**

I was a little nerd in high school and read my high school’s entire science fiction section and fell in love with William Sleator because I really love astrophysics and escapism through science. I loved the *Alien* series too, even though Ridley Scott is a piece of shit. My favorite book series is *Sabriel* by Garth Knix. Each time I return to it I pick up something new. It’s a fantasy series about a super imperial tech country that is definitely coded as Europe, and a mystical mysterious country coded as the Middle East. It’s filled with necromancers and zombies and dragons, totally wild stuff. Knix also says the main character has pale skin but never says she’s white, and as you read more you understand she probably isn’t. He makes sure never to code her as white even though she’s light, which is awesome. ♦

# The Ink Blotter

Submissions of Poetry, Fiction, and Art

## When I Look Up At The Birds

Claire Sorosky

When I look up at the birds  
I have the urge  
To connect the dots  
Like my childhood puzzles  
I long to know the shapes they paint in the sky

## Mad-Eyed Soliloquy (For Katherine)

Alex Lilburn

Were it not for the grace of the moon  
Resting upon your lips  
Or the dirge of fog that creeps about  
Whenever you leave me without  
I would have thought that this time  
Would have been for forfeit, a  
Biting pain in my life's heart  
As though worms infested from  
Within, sucking parasites  
Feeding on the rot  
And feeding even the rot,  
  
As if the night were a dinless cairn  
And the stars the roof overhead  
And the city's inhabitants  
The last-flesh remnants of their sticky souls  
Perching on the love of those lost.  
  
No, were it not for those wicked ties  
That bind me to all around,  
I would not have found any within  
To redeem me from this bliss  
None, not any at all—  
The city sleeping like a cat on a corpse.

## A Selection of Haikus

Max Blue

I  
In the green valley  
A goliath collapsed  
The soil took him in  
  
II  
Wide awake, early  
With sunlight from the windows  
A kind of heaven  
  
III  
When will we whither  
Like leaves in late Autumn  
And finally fade

Submit Your Work  
[sfaeye@gmail.com](mailto:sfaeye@gmail.com)



By Jesse Sawerr

## You Are Not Colourblind In A World Full Of Color

Ruvianne Torres-Fetsco

Sometimes it feels like the only way to survive is to  
Internalize the pain  
Close my eyes before the tears shed  
Say their names over and over in my head  
No other words make sense  
  
My white friends don't get it  
  
I cannot cry around them  
They do not see me as black  
Well,  
Except for when it is convenient  
Except for when they need to ask me if something is racist  
Except for when they need a non-white person to hear how  
not racist they are  
Or when they need to feel like they are part of the 2nd  
civil rights movement  
  
I exist in their convenience  
  
When another black life is taken  
They do not ask if my heart is okay  
If there is anything they can do to relieve some of the pain  
Some of the weight  
The fear  
  
They do not ask how this marginalized body is surviving  
I make it through the day with invisible tears, silent cries,  
deep breathes,  
Prayers that the black and brown bodies in my family  
In my life  
Are not next.

## The Eye Staff

**Editor-in-Chief**  
Max Blue

**Assistant Editor**  
Cera Deibel

**Features Editor**  
Reed Hex

**Submissions Editor**  
Alex Lilburn

**Staff Writers & Photographers**  
Ariella Robinson

### The Eye Would Like to Thank

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Daryl Carr, Devin Cornwall, Jeff Gunderson,  
Lauren MacDonald, and Joslyn Thoresen

Keep Up To Date  
[@sfaeye](https://@sfaeye)  
[sfaeye.press](http://sfaeye.press)

(Continued from front page) ... the dark about student concerns from the administration. If we wish to continue their fight, we won't need a by-law to make our voices heard. At the Institute, direct political action is only another skill to be learned, like a dance that passes from body to body. ♦

## Fall Semester Gallery Schedule

### Diego Rivera Gallery

Located at 800 Chestnut St

#### Choose Where you Sit

October 2 - 8

Participants: Sachi Moskowitz, Elizabeth Yosh, Brandon Rodriguez-Jauregui, Stephen Mangum, Sachi Moskowitz

#### The New Wrinkle

October 9 - 15

Participants: Anastasia Rasshchupkina, Greta Anderson, Leah Gonzales, Lucien Jeanprêtre, Zoe Leonard, Orly Ruaimi, Paula Morales

#### Individuals Group 2

October 16 - 22

Participants: Maeva Stancil, Natalie Falero, Teddi Meislahn, Cristina Velazquez

#### 10-Second Works

October 23 - 29

Participants: Natalie Wilkinson, Julia Guzman, Brian Fulda, Pedro Verdin, Michael Braillard, more TBD

#### Roommates

November 20 - 26

Participants: Mrinalini Aggarwal, Elisabeth Kohnke, Elena Padron-Martin, Aaron Wilder, Maryam Yousif, Emily Alexander

### Fall BFA Graduate Show

December 4 - 10

### City Studio

December 11 - 17

### Swell Gallery

Located At the Third Street Campus

#### Name TBD—Selected Individual Proposals

October 3 - 14

Participants: Cristina Velazquez, Leah Gonzales, Maryam Yousif  
Curated by Kathy Sirico and Aaron Wilder

#### Name TBD—Invitational Exhibition

October 17 - 28

Participants: TBD  
Curated by Aaron Wilder and Kathy Sirico

#### Feedback

October 31 - November 11

Participants: Can Buyukberber, Izidora Leber, Paula Morales, Yagmur Uyanik  
Curated by Lauren Licata

#### Planes

November 14 - 25

Participants: Can Buyukberber, Laurus Myth, Tom Colcord, Yagmur Uyanik  
Curated by Laurus Myth

#### Presence/Absence

November 28 - December 9

Participants: Aimee Ye Kwon, Arika von Elder Bready, Gianna Brusa, Guramrit Kaur, Rafael Bustillos  
Curated by TBD

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